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HEATHER WOODS BRODERICK

Lucy Mulgrew caught up with the musician ahead of the release of her Broderick's latest LP, Glider.

For TYCI readers who don't know about you yet, how would you describe the music that you are making at the moment?
I would say I write music that reflects my appreciation for both songwriting and instrumental music. I think the songs are relatable lyrically, very melody driven, and placed in a sonic bed of different layers and textures.

You seem to have been constantly on the road and working on other projects. What was this recording process like?
It took me a couple of years to collect all the songs for this record, as I was really busy touring with other projects. I wanted to have demos or sketches of all the songs, and be well prepared going into the studio, so that I could record them all at the same time and at the same place. When I was finally ready, I spent five days at TypeFoundry studio in Portland, OR recording all of the basic tracks and as many overdubs as we could fit in. Then my brother Peter and I took all that stuff out to a little studio he has on the Oregon coast. We finished any other overdubs there, and did all the post production and mixing there as well.

Tell us a bit about your writing process. Where do you draw inspiration from the most when writing? Is it the music or the lyrics that come first?
Usually my songs start with a melody that I've come up with on guitar or piano. I'll play that over and over again, and usually the words start to come after a while. Sometimes

I have an idea of what I'm want to write the song about, but most times I think the melody sort of inspires that. I find that the songs are inspired by experiences that I, or those I'm close to, have had, and live in a scene that I've probably drawn from vivid personal memories and literary imagery.

In terms of writing new music, does touring help or hinder this? Do you test out new material on the road, or prefer to work things up in the studio first?

I'm sure that the experiences I have on the road, and the general practice of playing, contribute to my writing process, but I've never been very good at writing on the road. I do most of my writing in off time, and really enjoy the process working songs out a bit before I play them in front of people.

How important is playing live to you? And how does playing others music compare to playing your own?

I do enjoy playing live, but I think I get the most satisfaction out of the process of creating new music and working in a studio setting to bring the ideas to life. I feel lucky that I've been able to play with other musicians and songwriters who's music is very meaningful to me. It's definitely a different experience than performing my own songs. It's easier for me to just focus on my task at hand when playing with other people, but I really enjoy being one piece of a puzzle.

The new album sounds so spacious and atmospheric. How

are you hoping to replicate this in a live environment?

I've been asking myself that same question! Some of the songs work alright in a simpler arrangement, but there are a few that I will want to play with a band. Hopefully I can get a small group together at some point to put together a more fleshed out set.

You've had a history of collaborating with other musicians like Sharon Van Etten, Efterklang and, of course, your own brother. Is collaboration something you particularly enjoy doing? And how do you feel it influences your own writing?

I really enjoy making music with other people. I particularly enjoy singing with people and writing harmonies. I've had a lot of practice playing other people's music, and I'm sure that the challenges in that have helped me in my own song writing.

THIS IS AN EXCERPT. TO READ THE FULL INTERVIEW, HEAD TO TYCI.ORG.UK. GLIDER IS OUT NOW. FOR MORE INFORMATION, VISIT HEATHERWOODSBRODERICK.COM.

GRIEVING A LOST MOTHER

AS PART OF THE FEMINIST EXPERIENCE

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An opinion piece by Angela Trowbridge.

With the unavoidable permeation of Netflix into the fabric of our society, I often find myself relying on the streaming service as a sort of security blanket. Like, I'll catch myself running episodes of Gilmore Girls in the background as I work through various responsibilities at home. Some of my favorite TV programmes require serious concentration, but Gilmore Girls only asks for a comfortable level of emotional intelligence. I can appreciate the campy, somehow still quite relevant jokes, and the various trials the characters are faced with. I enjoy observing Rory's friendships and budding romantic relationships. Most often, however, I think I subconsciously live vicariously through Rory's steady relationship with Lorelai - her approachable, loyal and present mother.

As a woman, I always find it gratifying and affirming to watch a well-written show telling female stories, and Gilmore Girls strikes emotional chords. Whilst there's the occasional cacophony when Rory and Lorelai bicker, they always find a way back to resolution and release, back to harmony. Rory may roll her eyes when her mom 'embarrasses' her, but they always have each other at the end of the episode. The mother-daughter dynamic in the show brings me the warm and fuzzy feelings, right alongside those of longing, jealousy, and even resentment. Whilst I sympathize with Rory, I also find myself wanting to shout at her, "But you still have a mother!" Whilst mothers like Lorelai are imperfect and can't possibly fix every single physical or emotional hurt, I idealize the idea of

living with my own, because I haven't for fifteen-and-a-half years.

When I heard the news that my mother had suddenly died, I was 10 years old. It was September of 1999, and I was just about to begin in a new school, for the fifth time. Grief came, as if it was a looming waterfall finally overtaking me, and I had been dreading its approach. Mere days before, I had imagined a scenario at my new school in which I had to explain to my classmates that my mom had died, and that they couldn't meet her because I didn't have one anymore. I had worried about this, and then it actually happened. My mother was not ill in the traditional sense — she struggled with addiction for years, and then suddenly, everything ended.

I try not to think about it too often because if I think about it enough, it brings on the waterworks. Tears can heal, but sometimes with this grief, I fear I could start crying like a fire hydrant and keep going until someone finally intervenes and cranks it off. When I do think about it, I reflect on many things, like how my mom won't ever know the person I am today. So many things have happened since that made me who I am. That year, I took up clarinet and stuck with it for 10 plus years. But she never heard me squeaking and squawking in the basement, on my way up to the principal clarinet seat by senior year in high school. She never helped me deal with pimples, or taught me to shave my legs, or not to shave my eyebrows (oops). My mom never got to show me how to properly turn down boys who ask girls out in their cars (and the girl feels she can't say no because it feels impolite and she's trapped in his car). My mom never got to help me apply to college, like Lorelai did for Rory. And it makes me sad - because she passed too soon. She was also often too ill to be able to do many of those things with me if she were here, which also makes me sad.

Going through this life, usually while staring out windows, I have found it hard on occasion not to feel melancholy, or a sense of longing for a time that never was. Nostalgia is a funny thing; it can mean

missing something you never had, but should have had. Even still, I notice myself abbreviating and omitting this aspect of my story, or not dwelling on it much, for fear of sounding like a whiner, a one-upper, or somehow manipulative. I often don't want to alienate people around me even though this event makes up a considerable portion of who I am today. My close friends know my story, and they're incredibly supportive. But I still sometimes edit myself for fear of bringing others down around me.

I now see that it's important to let oneself feel these feelings. It's okay. Life is like this: unpredictable, trying, excruciating, and wonderful all at once. The only thing we can count on as a constant in life is change. And that's something that I think means we're nearing adulthood, just being able to believe, or start to accept that.

For me, participating in a supportive feminist culture includes many facets of uplifting each other. There are certainly topics that we now bring forth and discuss daily: street harassment, rape on college campuses, and the portrayal and treatment of women in media (and social media, for that matter), to name a few. It feels to me that we still have a little ways to go on sharing some of the deeper emotional trials we can all experience just as part of existing on this planet. Perhaps it's a fear of being written off as 'just PMSing'. But as we know, that's sexism in itself, and it also implicitly tells men that it's expected they experience the world through their rational selves only, and not their emotional selves.

For me, I often fear that this overwhelming sense of loss without my mother is all too much to share. However, I hope women like me can begin to feel more empowered to share their stories with each other, so that they can provide lateral support beyond the nucleus of the 'immediate' family. The feminist experience involves discourse on the political, social, and I think it can be on the emotional experience as well. I refuse to accept that it's just women being weepy, PMS-y, or unstable in some other insufferable sense of the word. These are our experiences.

Empowering each other to share our emotional stories is the first step in making sure our voices are heard, and that we are listened to in a more holistic way. And every day, I thank everyone at the TYCI collective for providing such a space. Not to mention kind of serving as my new security blanket, as I try to wean myself off the Netflix come summer. I mean, after finishing Orange is the New Black, maybe.

What's your story?

GOOD PUNCH

Leila Khoshoie interviews the women behind the Glasgow-based live art collective, ahead of their run at Edinburgh Fringe next month.

Tell us a bit about yourselves and what it is you do.

We are the Good Punch Girls, Fiona Anderson and Rohanne Udall. We are both ECA graduates and performance artists living and working in Glasgow.

Fiona is a Cancer, born in the year of the goat, with a Myers Briggs personality type of ENFJ, although the 'J' is questionable. Rohanne is a Virgo (Sagittarius rising), born in the year of the Horse with a metal element, and also and ENFJ with a Turbulent variant but the internet hasn't told us what that really means.

We put stuff together that shouldn't quite go together. We pour various liquids over people. We anxiously invite people to come and look at us and judge us on our merits.

How did Good Punch come about?

We became friends when performing in the Peter Brook play Conference of the Birds, a sufi tale following the spiritual journey of a flock of birds, in the a search for enlightenment... Fiona was the Exotic Bird and Rohanne the Duck (who didn't go) and Cuckoo.

Good Punch was formed in 2012 in Fiona's final year at ECA. Fiona wrote and directed her first show Being. OK which was performed with Theatre Paradok and Rohanne was the president of Paradok at the time and the girls were so chuffed with the work and how it made them feel that they decided to make the creative relationship official. Good Punch was born in the Blue Blazer in Edinburgh.

Was being split between Glasgow and London for a time difficult? How did you cope with it?

It was quite tricky, both with trying to sort out admin and with trying to be on the same creative wave length, but we kept up to date on the phone, on Skype, leaving notes in google documents.

After a trip Rohanne made to Glasgow, however, we decided to move in together so now we have a very nice little set up in Dennistoun, living together and working together. So far it's pretty peachy.

Who would you say are your main influences?

We are both influenced by a wide range of artists. These days, the work of Jerome Bel, Pina Bausch and Getinthebackofthevan are particularly influential. We went to see an especially influential exhibition in 2011, ROTOR at Dovecot Studios, curated by Siobhan Davies and featured work by Matteo Fargion, Siobhan Davies and E V Crowe. It was a wonderfully fluid exhibition, with the performance working beautifully in the space, with an accessibility, humour and energy that we both really admired.

We are also inspired by non-art artists too. We love Smack the Pony and are definitely inspired by the absurdist yet cringeworthy familiarity of the humour. Fiona likes Limmy. Rohanne grew up on Monty Python.

We've always had fairly broad interests, and being from the Intermedia course at ECA our inspirations used to be more fine art focused (Paul McCarthy and Marina Abramovich), but have opened out into live art, theatre, dance and comedy.

What inspires you as individuals? And what inspires your work within Good Punch?

Fiona: I am inspired to make work mostly by what annoys me The Main Yvette came out of a place of frustration at depictions of femininity in mainstream media. Dove adverts piss me off, Rohanne too. I often get ideas from observations of people around me, or just because something sounds like it'd be funny. In terms of artistic inspiration, I'm very inspired by David Lynch's films and drawings. He has a powerful, vivid and dreamlike quality to his work that I really admire. The observational humour of Mike Leigh also is a big inspiration.

Rohanne: A lot of my ideas for work come from fleeting ideas or phrases, or simple everyday actions which are reproduced into patterns and systems. I'm interested in how things are given meaning or intention, but how this can be exhausted or muddled. I recently saw a work by Boris Charmatz, Manger, which was amazing - really playful and

intimate, mesmerising and a bit grotesque. I also think I digest quite a lot of what I read through the work I make. We make our best work generally out of playing together, talking, laughing at each other and being silly.

Are there any recurring themes in your work?

Social anxiety and pressure to perform are recurring themes in our work, both in The Main Yvette and in our durational party work Let's Go!. These tend to pop up because they are pressures we both feel and don't want to be controlled by, and yet we're were also quite ambitious people, with a lot of energy and drive to do things. We're interested in the tensions and dynamics of conformity and self expression in groups of individuals. We like to dance and move about and find pleasure in play.

What would you say has been the most challenging thing you have had to overcome as performance artists?

Finding funding as well as affordable and welcoming spaces to make and exhibit work has, and still is a big hurdle. We're currently raising money via We Fund and are really benefiting from the generosity of somewhereto_, and theSpaceUK who are providing us with the venue.

What are you most looking forward to about Edinburgh Fringe 2015?

Being back in our old home Edinburgh. We've both worked and performed at the festival before but this is the first together, with our own work. It's exciting to be on late and really push ourselves to widen our audience. We're also looking forward to some late night slots at Pollyanna, an intimate test bed cabaret at Paradise Palms, where we'll be showing some new works to round up an audience and just generally being wallies.

Why should we come and see you at the Fringe?

Because it'll be bloody fun, and messy, and culturally stimulating. It's a playful show which boldly questions the way society disciplines and bullies us into defining ourselves as women, valuable consumers and employees. The Main Yvette satirises those ridiculous adverts which makes you shout at the TV and exposes social, sexual and personal anxieties. The Main Yvette will make you laugh and go "EEEEWWWW". It'll make you blush and squirm in your seat and if you're lucky one of our girls may even wink in your direction.

FOR MORE ON GOOD PUNCH, VISIT GOODPUNCH.CO.UK.

MY RAD FAT DIARY

JULY 2015

Halina Rifai brings us the latest entry in her Rad Fat Diary series.

I am on course for 80lbs weightloss and I still have a long way to go. Last week, I discovered that I have lost the equivalent of a boxer dog or about 4-and-a-half car tyres. How the fuck is it physically possible to carry that around? In all seriousness, think about it for a second. Imagine carrying around all that weight... In a funny way, it has made me admire the human body even more and realise what an incredible thing it is. I can't believe I abused it for so long. My next goal is a baby giraffe and then a ceramic toilet which is around the 120lbs mark. When I first started this, I never thought I would get to this stage but now I know I can do it.

The one thing that I feel should be taught along with healthy eating and the effects of this on your body, however, is what impact losing a massive amount of weight has on your skin and the after effects. I am starting to witness it now and it is particularly uncomfortable. My vagina is not near my toes by

any means, but the tops of my thighs are becoming wrinkled and my tummy is sagging, the skin at the top and sides of my breasts is noticeably thinner also. I have lost around 8 inches off each thigh. It is having an effect on how I feel around my partner. I am scared stiff that he is going to be disgusted by the sight of me once this journey is over, nevermind now. I have visions of getting parcel tape to bind myself together. In the mighty words of Cher - "If I could turn back time". I wish I had known or thought about this before I let myself get to that stage.

Summer is here, the time I dread the most. The time where I don't want to expose my flesh as it resembles a massive melted flump. I have to wear a cardigan in the hot weather or a long sleeved top because my upper arms look like my boobs have transferred into them. In hot weather this is not ideal as it makes things even more unbearable and I just want to hide. I try to make excuses not to go places in the summer as I don't want to look ridiculous in spring attire. I also don't want to sweat profusely from the extra layers and live up to my stereotype of a steaming hog. I realise there were hundreds of complaints when Jamelia expressed that all shops should not cater for people over or under a certain size, but in the grand scheme of things clothes for people my size and prior to weight loss are shit. It's as if the people designing them feel that we shouldn't look attractive. Clothes range from floral sacks to non-descript flannels. Don't get me wrong, I have been lucky in the stuff I have purchased - after all, they are only clothes. Perspective once again screams at me from the small voice in my head, but at the same time I want to feel attractive. I want to look feminine, I want to be like Mary J Blige and 'Feel Like A Woman'. I often wear the same thing though. I wash the clothes daily so I can wear them again but then I worry that people will think I am a bit of a skank with the same thing on. Jesus fucking Christ, I need to get over this issue of worrying what other people think. It is so stupid.

I want to go back to being eight years old again and being fearless. Playing on a beach, swimming, not being aware of people and most of all enjoying myself. Give me someone else to defend and I will be there in an instant. I like to think I am one of the most loyal people I know but when it comes to Halina, it feels impossible sometimes.

It is so much easier to sit behind a keyboard though and be OK. I feel safe here.
Till next time x.

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Poster: Adrienne Price

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